Dark is magnificent, deep, overhead
Hang stars like seeds of light
in vain, though not since they were born
was bred
anything more bright.

And ever more mighty multitudes ride
About, nor enter in;
Of the other multitudes that dwell inside
Never yet was one seen:

The forest foxglove is purple, the marguerite
Outside is gold + white,
Nor can those that pluck either blossom greet
The others (Day or night.